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Approx. 144 words

WINTER'S LAST SNOWFALL

by

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I suppose the world has been as beautiful many times, but how could it hold more beauty than at this specific hour when every branch and twig are made regal with their robes of ermine?

I'm breathless as I look across the garden, over the slope, on to the colorless but celestial beauty of the winter sky beyond and feel the astounding splendor of this panorama, pristine and utterly pure.

The heavily-laden branches of the apple tree are all low-hanging making a bower roofed in powdery white. Each shrub-twig curved with its wrap of white fur and each fence post topped with an ashen beret, unblemished and hoary.

It is too beautiful - indescribable! And now, as the mantle of night loosely enfolds all this lace-like glory, I tremble in awe and bow in reverence.

THE END